


Voices of Peace



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Voices of Peace

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY
THE PAPYRUS CLUB OF PEACE JUNIOR COLLEGE

VOLUME X

APRIL, 1942

NUMBER 2

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"Next Saturday Night"

"Mother, where's my fingernail polish? I've hunted high and low for it!" Eighteen-year-old Jane stood in the middle of the living-room and looked around her, frowning. Her glance rested on her younger sister. "Peggy," she demanded, "have you seen it?"

"I have not! And if you're planning to look nice when your date comes, you'd better get out of here and get your hair down and combed. You look like a skinned rat!"

Ignoring the last remark, Jane said petulantly, "But I got that polish especially for to-night. Tommy said he liked it."

"Tommy!" Peggy popped out of her chair. "I thought you had a date with Alan!"

"Well—I do. That is, in a way. At least, I told him he could come over. But then I saw Tommy and he was so insistent I told him he could come. Do you suppose they'll be mad?" Jane raised her left eyebrow and practiced looking out of the corner of her gray-green eyes on Peggy.

"Mad! You know they can't stand each other! Oh, boy, what fun! Why don't you break a date with one of 'em?"

"Peggy, you know I never break dates. And besides there's just one more week before Easter holidays begin. Heavens, there's the doorbell! You entertain 'em. And, listen, brush my coat a bit, will you? It's over there."

Jane dashed out of the room pulling out hairpins as she ran, and letting fall to her shoulders hair the color of burnished gold. Peggy, who would have liked to be old enough for a date herself, glanced in the mirror as she passed, and muttered an impatient "All right" as the doorbell rang again.

A gust of cold air came in with the two boys. (Just a flicker of horror had passed over Peggy's face when she saw they were both there.)

"Here y'are, chicken," said Tommy, the taller, and with his dark hair and god-like figure easily better-looking than the brown-eyed, thin Alan. "Throw this coat over a chair, will you?"

"This weather makes me think of Christmas, baby! Say, are you old enough for a breakable doll yet?" Alan, the gentle, dearly loved to tease Peggy, and he smiled at her his own elfish grin.

Peggy made a face at Alan and settled herself comfortably where she could, half-fearfully, half-gleefully, watch the two boys glare at each other from opposite ends of the room.

Tommy finally condescended to speak to Alan. "Can't imagine what *you're* doing here." Alan almost snarled. "*I* have a date."

Glancing at Peggy, Tommy said pointedly, "Robbing the cradle, aren't you?"

Alan looked at Tommy coldly. "You know darn well I've got a date with Jane! And I'd like to know why you're butting in!"

Tommy got to his feet, his black eyes snapping. Peggy was not a second behind, ready to protect her idolized Alan. At the same moment Jane, looking absolutely angelic, glided into the room.

"Why, hello, Tommy and Alan," she said in her most honey-and-sugar voice. "I'm so glad to see you both!"

"Now, listen here—who do you have a date with tonight?"

"Tommy!" Jane's voice was full of shocked dignity. "Don't shout at me! I—I have a date with—both of you."

"Both of us! Now, listen, Jane—" Even the peaceable Alan was roused.

"Now, you two listen!" Jane was never prettier than when she was mad. "Just because you're both pretty important men over at the college, you needn't think you can't get along

together. If you all can't act like college men instead of high school freshmen—why don't you go on home! Both of you! I'll tell Bix he can come over!"

Tommy and Alan looked at each other at the mention of Bix's name. Just for the barest moment their stern and stubborn expressions relaxed. Then Alan thrust his hands into his pockets, turned on his heel, and without saying a word walked to the window and stood staring out. Tom looked coldly at Jane and then remarked, "I was planning to take you to the dance next Saturday night, but—anybody who'd make two dates for one night, without telling the boys about it! If you'd just told me you had a date I never would have insisted. I don't want to go around butting into other people's dates."

"But, Tommy." Jane raised her eyes imploringly.

"You needn't 'but Tommy' me in that tone of voice. I admit you're usually very sweet, and you were the only one I wanted to take to that dance, but—"

"Oh, you needn't bother, Tom." Alan turned from the window. "I'm going to take her to the dance. May I, Jane—that is, if you promise not to ever make two dates for the same time again."

"I never will. I'm cured. But I don't know about the dance, Alan." Jane looked at Peggy for help. The little sister merely shrugged her shoulders and squirmed to a more comfortable position.

Tommy glared at Alan. "Keep out of this! I asked her to go first."

"You did not. You were just telling her in your high and mighty way that you couldn't take her!"

"Why—" Tommy stepped forward, his eyes narrowed to slits. He clenched his fists.

Jane hesitated, wide-eyed, just an instant, and then, putting a small, white hand—minus fingernail polish—on an arm of each boy, she said in as dignified a voice as she could muster, "I told you both you could go home if you couldn't behave. It seems as if you can't. Now—leave."

Alan and Tommy took their eyes from each other reluctantly and looked at Jane half-unbelieving. Before either could speak, the sharp, insistent bell of the telephone sounded. Jane gave them each a warning glance and went to answer it.

"Hello! . . . Oh, Bix! . . . I don't think so . . . no, I'm sure I haven't. . . . Of course not. . . . The dance? Next Saturday night? . . . Why, I'd love to." (Here Tommy glanced at Alan and suddenly realized that he wasn't such a bad sort after all. Alan looked at Tommy and then and there knew they had to work together, and knew Tommy understood that, too. He stretched out his hand, and Tommy, with barely a second's hesitation, grasped it warmly. Common hatred of Bix bound them together. They both turned and stared grimly at Jane while she finished her conversation.) "Well, maybe I can see you before then. . . . All right, do that. . . . Anyhow, I'll see you about nine Saturday night. . . . Uh huh. . . . 'Bye, Bix."

"You're not going to the dance with Bix," Tommy announced calmly as Jane came back to where he and Alan stood.

"You're going with us," Alan just as calmly added.

"But I've made a date with Bix—and you both know how awful it is to make *two* dates for the same night. And besides, I promised Alan never to do it again."

"Oh, listen, Jane—we didn't mean to be so hard on you. If you go to this dance with m—us, I'll let you—I'll let you have my fraternity pin to keep during spring holidays."

"Alan, you can't bribe me. And a fraternity pin would tie me down." Jane spoke lightly of the coveted object, but smiled intriguingly at Alan. She had them back in her control.

"I'll give you that picture you like so much if you'll just go with us." Even Tommy was pleading now.

"Oh, conceit, where art thou?" thought Jane as she smiled tenderly on Tommy. And then into her mind came the sounds of envy and jealousy in all the girls' voices as they exclaimed over Alan's fraternity pin and Tommy's picture in *her* possession.

"Well—if you *promise* not to tell Bix, then you can come by next Saturday night about nine."

"That's my sweet Jane," Alan said.

Tommy merely breathed a sigh of triumph, and smiled his thanks.

"Let's go somewhere and enjoy what's left of the night. Shall we?" Without waiting for an answer, Jane picked up her coat. Tommy helped her into it, and within two minutes the three had left.

"Whew!" Peggy looked after them enviously. "I wish I was eighteen. *Three* dates for next Saturday night!"

GRETCHEN TERRELL, '42

By Lucy . . . Sleeping

A life, so beautiful and sweet,
Premature but most complete,
Has ceased—oh, here we stand,
Lost without the guiding hand
Of her who now is sleeping.
Her blue eyes gently closed in death
As we beheld life's fleeting breath
That left us helpless . . . weeping.

Her deeds of kindness, without number,
Live—while she in peaceful slumber
Knows earth's sorrows nevermore.
Since her soul from earth did soar
Softly to her Father's keeping,
There comes to us the piercing pang
That only such a loss can bring,
While she in Heaven is reaping—

Reaping the riches she has won
For all the gentle deeds well done
While here she had her pleasant stay
With other mortals made of clay.
But from her friends she now is gone;
Her many friends both far and near
Will miss her smile and words of cheer—
For her kindness she was known.

She has answered her last call—
Heaven sends one for us all—
Her last journey now is ending,
And from earth her soul ascending
As we hear the death bell's knell.
Grieve not, husbands, sisters, brothers,
Parents, friends, or any others;
For she in Paradise will dwell.

MARY GORDON WALTERS, '42

Mardi Gras Yesterday and Today

Carnival and Mardi Gras! Parades, balls, masking, fun-making, a period of frolic and merriment, which begins on Twelfth Night (January the sixth) and ends on Shrove Tuesday, the day before Ash Wednesday, in the quaint old city of New Orleans. Mardi Gras means "Tuesday on which meat may be eaten," or "Fat Tuesday." The word "carnival" is derived by way of the Italian *carnevale* meaning "Good-by, meat," from the Latin *carnem levare*, "the taking away of flesh," which marks the beginning of Lent. The custom of carnival was brought over to Louisiana by the French colonists and, as the colony grew, the carnival grew with it. The first ballroom was built in 1792 on Condé Street in New Orleans where balls for whites were given during carnival. The first organized street parade in Louisiana was in 1837. There is no description of this except that "it was outlandish and the noisy procession was followed by boys, negroes, and fruit women." During the carnival of 1839 there were over 1,000 balls, and the maskers "jammed the streets so tight" all day that it was almost impossible to move from one street to another. The first tableau parade of New Orleans was "Comus" in 1858. This was the first complete New Orleans pageant on wheels. The theme was "The Classic Pantheon," including the floats of Momus, Flora drawn by butterflies, Diana by stags, Venus by swans, Jupiter by eagles, Mars in his chariot of war, and many other well known gods and goddesses. The first political parade was "The World of Audubon," presented by the Twelfth Night Club in 1873. Carnival is the biggest business in New Orleans. Altogether \$10,000,000 is spent during the season of carnival. Mardi Gras is the day when business is forgotten. All the population,—rich, poor, young, old, white, black, servants, masters,—get out and frolic on equal levels.

"Come on, everyone, let's step it up! It's a quarter to seven now and the parade is not going to wait for us." Four of us girls were hurrying down St. Charles Avenue toward Jackson Avenue where the parade sponsored by the Athenian Club was to turn back. It was the night before Mardi Gras in 1939 and we had been discussing the truck we were going to ride on that great day. We were all going to dress as clowns and have a glorious time riding around the streets viewing the parades and the crowds.

As we now drew closer to Jackson, the crowds began to get thicker and we had to hold hands to keep together. There was screaming and confusion everywhere, punctuated by the familiar yells of the popcorn, peanut, and souvenir men. Thrusting our way madly through the masses of people, we finally found a suitable spot. We had not been there long before a general roar arose from the crowd farther up the street. Glancing in that direction, we saw the familiar purple and white lights illuminating the darkness as the floats drew nearer. The gay music of the band could now be distinctly heard. We joined in the ever increasing roars as a mounted policeman pushed us back from the path of the floats.

Scenes from Well Known Tales was the theme of this parade, as a sign told us. Colored men passed on each side carrying huge kerosene torches. The first float bore the mighty king sitting majestically on his throne waving his golden sceptre to and fro to the loud applause of the people. His long white hair fell on his white satin robe. Next came a band playing a well known march followed by the first float, "Alice in Wonderland." An immense looking-glass stood in the middle, and around Alice danced the hare, the Queen and King of Hearts, throwing beads and trinkets. "Hey, mister, throw me one. Please do!" I yelled, anxiously holding my hands upward. Alice suddenly grabbed a handful of trinkets and threw them in our direction, but to my dismay I failed to catch a single one. "King Arthur and His Knights" came next. Huge shields and lances decorated this most impressive float. A large white horse stood in the midst of the fully arrayed knights. Thus the floats passed on, one by one. I had the good luck of catching a rubber ball from the float "Treasure Island."

Next came "Little Women," followed by Dickens' "Christmas Carol." Old Scrooge with his three spirits danced around on this float. "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," the last float, slowly passed by; soon all we could see was the brilliant illumination fading in the distance. Afterwards we counted our trinkets and found we had a large collection of cigars, balls, beads, and china figures. We all agreed that we had had an exciting night.

The next morning I arose early and after a hurried breakfast during which I absorbed advice as to my behavior I rushed out to meet my friends on the truck. All together there were ten of us dressed in red clown suits, a noisy group for our two chaperons. Blithely we started off on this sunny Mardi Gras day. After we had spent two hours riding around in the white residential section watching the people assemble in their various costumes, we drove around in the colored sections. The negroes were the most gaily and colorfully dressed of all. Some had on war-paint and looked like wild Indians. We then drove up and parked near the Mississippi River to watch King Zulu and his attendants come off the barges and ride down Royal Street on floats. King Zulu was the chief negro attraction. There were hundreds of black heads packed together up and down the streets. One o'clock found us waiting to get in line behind the Rex parade, which is the most magnificent of all the parades during the carnival season. There were numerous trucks besides ours, with clowns on some, cowboys, sailors, and pirates on others. Maskers of every description thronged Canal Street, the old as well as the young in colorful costumes.

At last the familiar roars and yells of the crowd were heard and the Rex parade appeared around the corner. The float of the stately King Rex stopped in front of the city hall to receive the keys of the city from the mayor; then he gave a toast to his Queen, after which the parade moved forward. We followed after the floats throwing peanuts and beads to uplifted hands of the crowd. The rest of the afternoon we spent on Canal Street watching parades. Finally about six o'clock we turned toward home, worn out, but nevertheless exuberant.

Altogether, Mardi Gras is the most important event of the year in New Orleans.

FRANCES SHOLES, Preparatory

Women and Aeronautics

The air-minded women of today have a better opportunity for learning to fly and learning the ins and outs of airplanes than ever before. Any woman, whether she is a housewife, teacher, clerk, stenographer, welfare worker, or "socialite," may learn to fly at special prices through clubs and organizations which are scattered all over the United States. These organizations are turning out hundreds of women pilots trained by the government's Civil Aeronautics Board of Instructors. There are many women graduating from aeronautical engineering schools and others are becoming skilled workers in aircraft factories by watching veteran technicians under the guidance of "lead men." These women are trained to fill vacancies left by men, to relieve men for more pressing duties.

Women can fill many jobs flying transport planes. They can transport food, ammunition, and other supplies from general headquarters to the different companies, and medical supplies from base hospitals to field hospitals. They can also transfer planes from one place to another and furnish civilian air patrol which will release men for duties at the front. Although Alma Heffins, of Pennsylvania, has been the only woman test-pilot, other women could fill such jobs too. Women mechanics could relieve many men and would be vitally important in certain emergencies.

In learning the ins and outs of airplanes, women take over many jobs also in the manufacturing of planes. Hundreds of American girls today are facing roaring lathes and drill

presses turning out parts for planes. It has been found that many women are very efficient in doing the delicate welding required in assembling planes and that in some instances they excel the men. Women can cover the wings and other parts with airplane fabric and apply dope (airplane paint) to the assembled planes. Another type of job that requires more training is the designing of planes and their parts.

In aviation today there are indeed many opportunities for women, and there are many others developing.

NINA WRENN, '42

Sonny Talks to God

(April, 1942)

God, I know you love me very much,
 And I love you too, you see;
 That's why I have to talk to you—
 A serious talk, just you and me.
 The world is in a funny puzzle,
 One even Daddy can't seem to do;
 That's why I wish I could see you;
 God, I just have to talk to you.
 My Daddy said he's going away,
 That this time I can't go along,
 And I can tell when he looks at me
 That something's very wrong.
 Mummie's been silent all day long,
 And I have seen her crying too;
 Please, God, let me know what's up—
 I've got to talk to you.
 After dinner we used to have fun,
 Now everything seems queer—
 We try to act cheerful and we're not;
 It's filled me full of fear.
 Mummie says to tell you, dear God,
 That we'll be brave and strong,
 And 'cause Daddy loves us very much,
 He'll help you fix what's wrong.

CECILE WOODRING, '43

Death

Death
 Like a flash of lightning
 Passed over the city
 Taking its toll
 Among the busy citizens.
 Then it flew swiftly on
 Leaving in its wake
 Only a clap of thunder.

CECILE WOODRING, '43



The Voice of a "Transfer" Student

The days, the weeks, and the months are slipping by us here remarkably fast, and I do regret to see them pass so swiftly. During the half year that I have been a student here, Peace College has become endeared to me.

Human personalities make any place what it is. For that reason, Peace is what it is today! Our president, our dean, and our faculty make it so. Peace was founded with the noblest purposes in view, and down through the years, the administration and the student body have upheld these ideals.

A school of honored traditions, Peace College is today an institution recognized for its high principles. Its greatest aim is to afford to every girl here a well-rounded life, to develop her physically, mentally, socially, and spiritually. For that reason, Peace girls are encouraged to study diligently, to engage in sports, to attend various social gatherings, and to participate in all P. S. C. A. services. The substantial curricula at Peace and the various organizations are channels through which we are given these opportunities to widen our interests and develop our personal resources.

Coöperation with the Student Council develops individual responsibility and teaches Peace girls to be good citizens. These and many more opportunities are open to us here; our privilege it is to take advantage of them. It is vital that we realize this now; for time is fleeting and chaotic world conditions may upset our educational plans.

I am impressed by the fact that so much emphasis is placed here on the little things. Peace girls are encouraged to pay attention to apparently minor details,—the small courtesies and the little choices of everyday living.

Altogether we Peace girls have innumerable blessings. The old saying, "Blessings brighten as they take their flight," will not be true for those of us who fully appreciate now our golden opportunities at Peace Junior College.

CORA DRAKE, '43

Take a Trip to Aruba

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This sketch was written last fall.]

Have you ever been fortunate enough to go to the tropics (specifically the West Indies)? Well, just let me tell you about the place to go if you haven't been. First, trot up to New York and buy your steamship ticket (it's very reasonable, you understand), and at exactly 12:00 noon you will leave on one of the famous "Santa" boats bound for Aruba.

You will have a scrumptious trip down and the farther along you get the warmer the weather and the bluer the water. Of course, there are delightful sea breezes blowing from the Caribbean and the temperature is far from being uncomfortable. Well, seven too short days have passed and you wake up one morning and there way out on the horizon is a strip of white sand—Aruba! You dock amidst all the good old noises of a harbor and take a taxi through the refinery up to the camp. Camp is the place where the white employees of Standard Oil live. There you will see pink, yellow, green, white, blue, and even pale orange houses built from stucco. They are surrounded by funny little patios and large gardens filled to overflowing with tropical flowers. Of course, you'll just *have* to go out to the village, San Nicholas, to buy souvenirs to take home; so riding over rather bumpy roads, off you go. On the way over you will probably have a few disputes with some goats or burros, as to who is going to have the road. They usually win out; so you sit patiently while they amble across the road.

On entering the first store you see no one, but after searching a bit you will find a reluctant native hidden behind one of the many piles of musty merchandise. Instead of a voluble greeting, you receive an awfully cool stare and maybe a growled "buenos dias." Almost overcome, you tell the man what you want and then wait for him to get it. To your surprise he points languidly to a shelf and says with quite an accent that he had some there two years ago, and then goes back to his daydreaming. By now you are highly indignant and leave very haughtily, but after much the same treatment in several other shops you crestfallenly go back to your taxi and inquire of the negro driver what to do now. He grins disarmingly (the viper) and says if you will just give him your list and many guilders he will fix you right up. So willingly you hand over "many guilders" and off he goes. In about half an hour he returns laden with bundles and no money. Of course, you don't know any better and won't find out until much later how much discount the natives and negroes get in Aruba. But don't get me wrong; this is the only imperfect thing in Aruba and even that rather fits in. You would feel rather funny to have a long lanky native jump out at you from behind the counter as the salespeople do in the United States.

Now if you want to see the wide open spaces (only you can't travel very far because it's only an eighteen-mile-long island), go out to the gold and crystal mines. These are rich in ore, but the coral is so hard to drill that people don't even try. Growing around the mines and scattered all over the hills are queer cacti and trees. Perched in the trees are vivid parakeets, canaries, hummingbirds, and mockingbirds; also at times natives gathering berries and other fruits. If by now you are tired and hot, you might go for a swim in one of the many lagoons. Of course everything must have an end; so under a brilliant sunset you must make your way back again to camp.

JANE BROWN,
Preparatory

Circumstance

They were chic, Lorna thought, those small red sandals with the single strap across the toe. But the absurdly high spiked heels—. The red heels were what would please Marty. Marty liked for Lorna to wear high heels; he thought that showed real class. So she bought the shoes, and wore them out of the shop. . . .

Somehow the detectives had spotted Marty. They tailed him to Joe's cafe. And there, in Marty's private upstairs room, they made the arrest. But the two dicks hadn't counted on Lorna. Lorna had a luncheon date with Marty. So when she made her calm appearance, they were more than a little surprised.

Lorna backed down the narrow stairs behind the handcuffed Marty, while the two men stood looking foolish, covered by Lorna's automatic. As she and Marty neared the bottom of the stairway, Lorna stumbled, and stumbling, fell back against Marty. The two of them landed in a tangled heap on the floor below. In a very few minutes, the officers had Marty and the cursing Lorna packed off to headquarters. . . .

Late that night, Joe paused on the way upstairs to glance at something on the steps. It was a heel . . . a red, spiked heel.

FRANCES RAINEY, '42

Sweet Land of Liberty

"My country, 'tis of thee;
Sweet land of liberty."

These are mighty words and have held true since the great day and year July 4, 1776, when our forefathers proudly presented that great document stating the rights, liberties, and justice for all, the Declaration of Independence. You all remember when our great nation threatened to split and crumble, some boys wore gray and others blue, and brother fought against brother. You know the rest: how Lincoln gave his dramatic address at Gettysburg, "Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, . . . dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." Maybe a little more fresh in your minds is the great World War when our country dressed our boys in khaki, and songs such as "Good-by Broadway, Hello France" and "Over There" were popular in every city, town, and village. Many still remember the bitter and depressing times we had. Ask your dad or mother, but perhaps they prefer not to talk about it.

Now our great nation, our own proud "Stars and Stripes," is being again challenged by the invader. We are seeing huge defense projects under way working night and day to try to fill vast orders. Maybe your dad, brother, or certain someone has been called to the colors. We are already being rationed on certain things we thought once were necessities for all. Now we call them luxuries. Every day we hear and read depressing news reports. We are asked, yes, almost begged to buy war bonds and stamps to help our mighty nation.

We ask ourselves what can we, mere girls, do to help preserve and keep forever free our homes. We can knit, take first aid lessons, and get our education. Yes, these are vital factors; but most important now is to have faith in God, our government, and ourselves. Let us not shed any unnecessary tears; let us not gripe because we can have only one teaspoon of sugar in our coffee or because we are asked to turn off unnecessary lights. These may seem but small matters, but if all of us coöperate and strive to do our best, it all goes toward helping to win this war against the Axis, to free the already depressed countries, and to make God indeed the ruler of all mankind. "May that banner" yet wave over "the land of the free, and the home of the brave," forever and ever.

JEANNE HALL, Preparatory

Guess Who!

[Twelve members of the Preparatory Department are described in the following excerpts from a set of English IV themes. The answers are on page 13.]

- (1) She had a light step and walked as if she owned the world.
- (2) Her long narrow face was set off with sea-green eyes which had an impish sparkle.
- (3) She had blond hair which she wore in a short bob, curled high around her face . . . She carried her slight figure very erect and walked with a saucy swing.
- (4) I watched her as she came walking with a dignified air into the library. . . . Her rich black velvet jacket blended perfectly with her black and white checked skirt. Her complexion was so white and fresh that it reminded me of dew in the early morning. Her cheeks were very rosy and her lips as the reddest apple.
- (5) The short, plump girl beside me on the couch was crinkling her blue eyes into an infectious smile. . . . Her high, broad forehead was topped by a medium pompadour of darkish-blond hair. . . . As usual, she had on her favorite colors, pink and purple, tastefully combined in a well-cut skirt and blouse.
- (6) You could not help noticing her firm, straight white teeth. As we started to work I noticed that her light brown hair was pulled casually over to the right with a clip to hold it in place. It was not the curly type, but waved around the edges. . . . She was never seen in a classroom slouched down on her spine. . . . She walked with a slight bounce.
- (7) Her hair was honey-colored. She wore a large checked sweater of dark blue and a dark blue skirt, which brought out the blue in her eyes. . . . Her eyes seemed to dance with excitement. She wore little make-up, no rouge and little powder. . . . She was not very stout nor was she very tall. . . . She walked with an air of friendliness and zest.
- (8) The door opened and briskly striding into the room came a slender girl clothed in a navy blue dress. Smiling as she greeted me in her melodiously low and husky voice, she collapsed in the seat opposite me. . . . After staring intently at me with almond-shaped blue eyes capped with generous eyebrows, she picked up her pen and started to write vigorously.
- (9) Her long, dark brown hair, which curled around her face and fell softly to her shoulders, formed a frame for a face of creamy complexion. Her friendly green eyes crinkled at the edges when she laughed, and she peered at the world through pink-rimmed spectacles. She had a straight nose and a small mouth that curled up at each side in a friendly way.
- (10) She was chatting in lively fashion with the girl next to her about the darling date she had had last Friday night. Although her mezzo soprano voice flowed forth rather fast, one could easily distinguish her Southern accent. . . . I saw an adorable oval face surrounded by soft waves of very light brown hair. Just now she had pushed these back forming a cunning wave that dipped over her forehead. . . . Her lips, the lower being much fuller than the upper, reminded me of a spicy red candy heart.
- (11) The flowery covering of the sofa made a striking background to my comrade's creamy tanned skin. The deep red of the primroses accentuated the skirt of a like color, and the velvety green of the leaves was echoed in the green sweater. The simplicity of the whole costume suited her quaint personality. . . . The greenish-brown eyes were now sparkling with laughter. . . . To make her charm even more unusual, she wore harlequin glasses, which were mainly supported by the ear pieces because her turned-up nose was too little to undertake so great a task.
- (12) I heard a merry voice behind me, reading aloud certain choice portions of a book. A delightful laugh drew me around, and a long finger pointed to the place which had so amused her. . . . As she sat there with her chair tilted against the wall, the sunlight gleamed on the red-brown hair, and flashed fire from the chain around her neck. . . . She lifted astonishing sea-green eyes to mine. . . . She was going, and a gay tune rose to her lips as she turned. The last thing I saw was a long leg flashing around the corner, and the last thing I heard was a merry song in a decidedly off-key tone growing fainter in the distance.

No Halcyon Morning

Time to get up? It can't be; why, I haven't been in bed more than an hour or two!—oh, well, I guess it is time. With assiduous efforts I rise only to jump back into bed to seek sanctuary from the cold.

"Get up. It's getting late. You'd better hurry 'cause something is wrong with the stoker and we don't have any heat," is George's gratuitous advice.

My laconic, petulant reply is "Okay."

So that's why it is so cold. No heat. Why doesn't some magnanimous person rescue me from this onerous routine? My immutable doom is to get up early on cold mornings. However, as long as I'm awake, I guess I'll venture forth.

Ring. Ring. Who would be calling at this unearthly hour? "Hello, . . . who? . . . I'll tell him . . . good-by."

"Daddy, the Barbee house is on fire and Miss somebody thinks you'd better go over there."

"Well, if the Raleigh fire department is over there, I'm not just sure what I can do; but I'll lend my moral support." With that, he starts dressing with alacrity.

After many impediments to my progress, I finally get ready for breakfast. A babel of voices comes from the dining room. Jim's usual garrulity is abetted by his ebullient spirit at being able to return to school after several days' absence.

"Good morning. Breakfast ready?" is my debonair greeting to the family.

"Good morning. Jim, watch out for your milk."

Too late. His impeccable attire is ruined. Milk inundates the table. The new cook, slow as molasses in January, is summoned to clean up the milk.

What egregious things have happened to make this anything but a halcyon morning. It is quite salient that something is wrong. Yet everything is condoned—I had almost forgotten—this is Friday, the thirteenth.

HARRIET PRESSLY, '43

To a Mop

I saw a lady shake a mop
From out a window, flip and flop.
With easy motions, little sound,
Up and down and twice around.

'Twas just a tiny house, 'tis true;
Yet it was clean and just brand new.
'Twas her own home, and her own mop—
This one I saw go flip and flop.

'Twas just a simple sight to see,
Yet what queer things it did to me;
For now I long to shake a mop
From out a window, flip and flop.

MARY LOIS ALLEN, '42

Eyes

As he sat in his favorite chair, with a pillow behind his head, and a pipe in his mouth, he stared into the fire and seemed to see a pair of eyes in every tiny flame. Big eyes and little eyes, blue eyes and brown eyes, sparkling eyes and dull eyes—he saw them in every flicker; enchanting him, bewitching him, making him want to turn away and forget, yet holding him in the grasp of their stare. These were the eyes he had seen so many times in the days gone by; the eyes that recalled so much to his memory.

Over in the front corner of the fireplace was a quick, bright flame, darting here and there, lighting the entire corner, and making him want to laugh. Ah, yes, there were the eyes of Judith, smiling at him in the same old way. The big, blue, sparkling eyes that he had looked in so often, while whirling over the dance floor. Volatile eyes that had seen no sadness, brilliant eyes that had seen no wrong—they were the eyes of Judith, radiating her charm with every glance.

Ah, back there, way back, burning low, but still a flame—there were the eyes of Vivian. Those piercing, daring, green eyes that, through the years gone by, he had tried in vain to eradicate from his mind, each time having them return at night and haunt him in his dreams. Trenchant eyes that made him shudder, gelid eyes that make him shiver, mercenary, malevolent eyes—they were the eyes of Vivian, revealing her character in every glimpse; the eyes that had placed an indelible blot in the happy memory of his past.

Through the mist of memory covering his mind, he saw a small, sharp flame, shooting forth from corner to corner and sometimes bobbing up in the center of the blazing mass, but always disappearing as quickly as it came. Yes, there were the eyes of Teresa, seeming to be more erotic and thrilling than ever. Teresa's eyes were limpid and ebullient, bubbling over with mirth; dynamic eyes, gazing at him in a hypnotic way. Tiny, beautiful, black orbs of Teresa.

Down below these flames was the most important, yet least visible part of the fire—the ever bright and glowing coals, radiating and perpetuating the heat. They had been there all the time, playing the most vital part, but not until now had he realized their beauty. He gazed more intently, wondering how he could ever have overlooked such a lovely part of the fire. As he looked more closely, he became aware of eyes there too—lovely, benign, brown eyes, looking at him admiringly and understandingly—the eyes of Ann, without a doubt. She was the girl with the condoning and commiserating eyes that made you feel unworthy, yet fortunate for having them look at you. Ann had been the sweet, halcyon girl, immutable through all the years. Hers were not the most beautiful eyes, but the most loving; the kind that you really long for, not merely dream of.

The fire was dying down and the embers had lost most of their glow, but there was yet that soft dim flicker that lasts until the very end. Vaguely, he saw the grayness of his own eyes, reflected in the smoldering embers, staring back in an analytical manner. Rather saturnine eyes they were, yet eyes of wisdom and fortitude. They had seen hate, as well as love; hideousness as well as beauty, and war as well as peace.

EDITH A. CAVINESS, '43

Answers to GUESS WHO!

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| (1) Mary Frances Haskins. | (7) Alyce Whitted. |
| (2) Anne Todd. | (8) Charlotte Stanton. |
| (3) Mary White Woodard. | (9) Mary Ann Foushee. |
| (4) Nancy McCauley. | (10) Mary Elizabeth Andrews |
| (5) Betty Patrick. | (11) Jane Brown. |
| (6) Bettie Morrison. | (12) Joanne Cousart. |

VOICES of PEACE

VOLUME X

APRIL, 1942

NUMBER 2

Papyrus Club

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L'Envoi

It seems almost impossible that within two months we Seniors shall have graduated and left Peace—maybe never to return. But before we depart we, the Class of 1942, wish to express our gratitude to those friends who have contributed so much to the happiness of our college days at Peace.

To the faculty we give thanks for their willingness to lend a guiding hand, for their endeavors to help solve our individual problems, and for their unfailing friendliness.

We thank the Juniors for their readiness to coöperate, for their bubbling enthusiasm, and for their thoughtful encouragement.

To all, teachers and comrades, we the Seniors once more say, "Thank you."

K. B.

The members of the Papyrus Club herewith express their warm gratitude to Mary Anna Smith and Charlotte Stanton for their artistic contributions to *Voices of Peace* this year. The cover design is the work of Charlotte Stanton, a preparatory student.

STRAWS IN THE WIND

Fire Drill

Good night sings
last bell rings
door pushed to
lights hushed too
trip over chair
roll up hair
turn down bed
lower curled head
sweet sleep calls
gong madly falls
climb out fast
light at last
window pulled down
shoes not found
socks under bed
"Hurry!" chief said
jerk down coat
run like goat
checked once more

pushed out door
night air cold
back to fold
again come in
stairs to win
drag into room
checked too soon
coat flicked off
shoes kicked off
out goes light
what a fright
safe at last
door shut fast
feet not warm
might do harm
sleep in state
with a roommate
what a thrill
in fire drill!

S. S. G.

Nonsense Column

Two girls were watching Jimmy Gray pass by.

1st Girl: "There goes a girl who seems to take the worst view of everything."

2nd Girl: "Is she a pessimist?"

1st Girl: "No. She's a candid camera fiend."

Miss Thomas was reviewing her American History class for their examination.

Miss T.: "Where was the Declaration of Independence signed, Sara?"

Sara G. (after a silence): "At the bottom."

Mrs. Rowland was having an oral lesson in grammar in her English class.

Mrs. R.: "Parse the sentence, 'Tom married Jane.'"

Frances S.: "*Tom's* a noun because he's the name of something. *Married's* a conjunction because it joins Tom and Jane. *Jane's* a verb because she governs the noun."

When Miss Steele asked Lib C. to define a synagogue, she received this answer:

"A synagogue is something like a church; that is, a place where sinners worship."

While waiting for Fanny C. to come over, Miss Salls was having a very interesting conversation with the young man about different meters in poetry. She decided she had better stop when he said:

"There's meter iambic, dactylic,
There's meter of rime and of tone,
But the best kind of meter I know of
Is to meet her by moonlight alone."

NIKKI

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